"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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THE ANGEL IN THE WAY.

BY MRS. LIVERMORE.

"FATHER, do you believe in spiritualism?"

"Certainly, my dear."

"Why, father! What, in all the rappings, and tippings, and illuminations, and various topsy-turvy performances that take place in darkened rooms, now-a-days, which are so much in vogue?"

"Oh, that's another question, my child! You asked if I believed in spiritualism?"

"But are not these spiritualism?"

"Not at all, my dear Nelly. They are no more spiritualism than the hootings, and shoutings, and groanings, and ear-splitting 'hallelujahs,' and 'amens' that deafened you at the Methodist church last night, are religion."

"Well, then, father, pray tell me what you *do* believe?"

"I believe in spiritualism, Nelly, as it has been revealed to me. I believe in the ministrations of angels, who come to us in times of need—who come in trials, in afflictions and temptations, fortifying our wavering resolutions, soothing our anguished hearts, clearing our mental vision, and nerving us for the battle of life. I am not one of those who believe the dead are far removed from us: they are all about us,

'——————walking the earth
Unseen, both when we sleep, and when we wake'

And it is a question with me, whether I am more indebted to the untiring influence of friends who have preceded me to heaven, than to that exerted over me by friends who walk the world beside me."

"But *why* do you believe this, father—what evidence have you?"

"I believe it, child, because I can't help believing it—just as I believe in the existence of God, or the immortality of the soul. They are beliefs to which I, and all mankind with me, instinctively and naturally incline."

"But, father, if one could but once *see* one of these ministering angels! Have you ever met one?" she asked, suddenly, observing a certain queer expression on her father's face.

"Yes," said Mr. Lawrence, hesitating a moment, "yes, Nelly, I think I have."

"Why, father! when? where? how long ago? Do tell me all about it?" And Nelly's young face glowed with enthusiasm and wonder.

"Why, George! what *do* you mean? You frighten me! Did you say you had seen a spirit?" said Mrs. Lawrence.

"No, not that, Anna. I said I believed I had once met an angel—and I think I did."

"Now, my dear husband," said the sweet-looking little lady, her violet eyes looking entreaty, and her peach-bloom complexion heightening a trifle, "*don't* go to telling either Nell or me any ghost stories, I beseech you. Nelly is now the greatest coward living—and as for me, you know I am afraid to go over my own house in the dark, or to step out of bed in the night, until a lamp is lit."

"Oh, yes, father, do, *do* tell it!" said the eager Nelly; "I'll promise not to be frightened! If there's anything I so delight in, it is these beautiful, marvellous ghost stories. Don't forbid it, mother! Is it a *very* frightful story, father?"

"Not at all frightful, Nelly; and with your mother's consent you shall hear it."

"Ready, father! Begin, please," said Nelly, "we are all attention!"

"Well, then," said Mr. Lawrence, "let me premise that I shall be obliged to give rather a sad account of myself in early life. Anna, you know that I had my

time of 'sowing wild oats,' as too many have, now-a days; and I am afraid that I should have been called, in the parlance of the present day, a 'fast young man.' How headlong and mad was my career for a few years, only God and myself know."

"Leave that part out," said Mrs. Lawrence; "I shall not allow you to say anything ill of my husband, either in the past or present."

"To leave that part out, would be like playing Hamlet with the part of Hamlet omitted; if you hear my story at all, you must hear some things which are not greatly to my credit."

"I'll risk it, father," said Nelly, "and leave us to judge of that."

"Well, then, I was an only son, and the youngest child of parents who were wealthy. There was beside me but one daughter, two years older than myself, who grew up to womanhood. Other children there were, but they all died in infancy, which may account for the indulgence in which I was reared. I was not at all restrained in childhood, and was seldom brought under even temporary control: and as a matter of course, by the time I was in my teens, I ruled the entire household.

"My father hoped to make a lawyer of me—not so much from a liking for the profession, as, because he thought it furnished a good stepping-stone to political life, which he was ambitious to see me enter. At sixteen I was sent to college. I had no great fondness for study, but an inordinate love of fun and frolic: and as I was in high health, liberally supplied with money by my too indulgent father, reckless and impulsive, I was, of course, in all sorts of scrapes and sprees.

"My sister was the very soul of affection and devotion, and the love she bore for me was little short of idolatry. Her enthusiasm for truth, right, and progress were noble, and her reverence for true worth most fervent; and often during our twilight rambles, our morning rides or walks, she would imbue me temporarily with the same lofty spirit and I would resolve to attain to her exalted ideal. But a return to college among the madcaps who were my associates would soon expel all resolves and ideals from my head—for there, fun, frolic, and mischief ruled the hour.

"At last, the long dreaded crisis came; and just as I was about entering my senior year, I was expelled for a most daring act of rebellion against the laws of the institution. It was a bitter cup to my parents—to poor Nelly it was very gall and wormwood. It was a matter of infinite regret to her that I was so easily led astray, so deeply injured in the estimation of the world, and so morally weak. She never reproached me, but I saw that she felt my expulsion inexpressibly.

"Still determined to do for me all that he could, my justly offended father sent me to a distant town to complete my studies with an elderly clergyman of his acquaintance, who had a reputation for prodigious scholarship, and the most profound erudition. There, free from temptation, I was diligently pursuing the studies of my class, and endeavouring to make amends for my past negligence, when death came, and removed too early from earth, my sister, who was, in all save her mortal body, already an angel.

"It was late at night when there came a hasty messenger to summon me to my sister's death-bed. Using the fleetest conveyances of the day, I sped homeward, only fearing I might be too late to behold once more my precious Nelly. It was evening of the next day when I reached home, and found her still living, and clinging to her remnant of life with the tenacity of love, that she might once more embrace me before her departure. There, within her pleasant chamber, where I had passed so many, many happy hours, she lay, scarce breathing, her shining hair rippling in sunny waves all over the pillow, her beautiful eyes lustrous as ever, but with the seal of death on her damp brow, and pallid cheeks and lips. My agony was excessive; I wept aloud: I begged her not to leave me, and in my frantic sorrow, hugged her to my heart, as though I would contend with death for the supremacy.

"I shall never forget her dying words—they were prophetic. 'George, I will *never* leave you—such love as mine defies separation.'

"She died, and for a time, it seemed as if the very sun was stricken from the heavens, as if the whole world were dead, and I, its only inhabitant, so utter was the loneliness and desolation that over-

whelmed me. I could not return to my studies; the motive power that led me on in them, irregularly to be sure, was removed; and I felt an inexpressible disgust at the thought of returning to the dry and dull routine of life I had led.

"Subdued by this crushing affliction, and softened to pity by the sight of my sufferings, my father forgot his ambition, and without a remonstrance consented that I should abandon my studies, and enter upon mercantile life, whose bustle and excitement suited me better than the quiet of a studious life.

My employers were soon dissatisfied, as well they might be, with my idleness and dissipation, my health became seriously impaired, and bye and bye, I was dismissed, and again came home in disgrace. Again a situation was obtained for me, and again was there a repetition of my discreditable life, and of my disgraceful return home.

"My father became disheartened in the end, and refused to aid me any farther. I grew more and more reckless, plunged deeper in dissipation, and for a year or more, led an aimless, indolent, vagabondish life, dividing my time between the city and my rural home, as my inclinations led, and my means dictated. I was most utterly miserable, except when in the exciting society of my boon companions, or under the influence of the convivial cup—and then my helplessness was that of the madman. Away from these, I cursed myself for my folly, bemoaned my existence, and feeling myself utterly impotent to extricate myself from the labyrinthine mazes in which I was involved, I envied the brute creation their natural and stolid enjoyment. Oh, how I longed to die! Life, with me, was a curse; and so paralyzed was my will, that when I thought of reformation, I had no heart to attempt it. To my mother's tender appeals, I made but one reply—'I *cannot* reform! I am doomed! It is too late! The world has formed its estimate of me, and will never alter it, and there is no hope for me but in death.' I saw daily that my father's hair was becoming whiter and whiter, and that a settled gloom was overspreading his face—and I knew that it was my ungrateful conduct that was planting the deep furrows in my mother's brow, and was dimming her eyes with much weeping. And yet, notwithstanding this, by a sort of hellish fascination, I was drawn farther and farther into the maelstrom of dissipation, seeing clearly all the while where would be the terrible end.

Memory and conscience lashed me with their scorpion whips, till, goaded to desperation, I went to the railing of the quay, and bent over, longing to plunge into the flood below. The thought of my parent's grief over the suicide of their only child, alone restrained me. 'Oh death, hide me!' I cried aloud in my anguish, 'Oh God, smite me with your fiercest thunderbolts, wretch that I am—a walking mildew—a moral pestilence!' And in the fierce throes of my self-condemnation, I bit my own flesh, and struck with my clenched hands against the railing, until it was reddened with my blood.

"Suddenly, some one behind me pronounced my name, and turning, I was accosted by a man whom I had frequently met. Gradually, and artfully he felt the pulse of my moral nature; and when he saw that he was secure, he unfolded to me his occupation and his purposes. He was one of an extensive gang of counterfeiters, who had for years pursued their illegal calling, undetected, and he proposed that I should join them. With much cunning sophistry he made counterfeiting a small affair—rather a good joke upon community than a crime, while he referred to the experience of the company with which he was connected, to show how safe a business it was—how easy to avoid detection. He dwelt much on my pitiable condition—dependant upon a father who dealt out pecuniary supplies with a niggardly hand, or else compelled to rely upon the generosity of my companions, or trust to my wits, which were not very fertile in inventions to obtain money. 'The world had already damned me for my misdeeds,' he said, 'and on the principle that "one might as well be hung for an old sheep as a lamb,"' he urged me to go in for the wages of sin, and 'to have the game as well as the name.'

At this point of the story, Nelly, who had become more and more agitated every moment, shrieking out, putting her hands over her ears, "Stop, father! stop, father! I won't hear it! It's too terrible; Don't tell me another word! I won't hear it!" While Mrs. Lawrence, who had ceased to

weep, and who sat upright, with compressed lips, a pale face, and eyes of fire, looking sternly at her husband, reiterated her daughter's wish—"Yes, do stop! I cannot hear it!"

"You must hear it," said Mr. Lawrence; "you must now hear me through. It will not do for me to stop now. In justice to me, you must hear the remainder of my story. So, calm yourself, Nelly, and you too, Anna, and listen. I am reading you a chapter of my history, known only to God.

"I returned to my father's house, with the sophistical and crafty words of my soi-distant friend still ringing through my brain, and hastened to take my first step in *crime*—as we use the word in its common and restricted sense. I resolved to make my debut as a counterfeiter in my native town, where I should be the least suspected.

"The evening came when I was to receive a new suit of clothing, and to try my hand at passing counterfeit money. The gorgeous sunset sky of the October evening was just beginning to fade, when, torn with conflicting emotions that shook my whole frame, not daring to trust my voice to address my mother, or to turn my eyes to look for the last time upon the dear home which I had resolved never again to enter, I passed out from the door, and hurried to the village, without once looking back. My path led directly to the village grave-yard, where, beneath a bending willow, amid flowers of delicate hues and fragrance, slept my lost Nelly—my guide and companion—and here it was that the angel met me, and——saved me."

"Oh, thank God! thank God!" burst from Nelly's white lips—a heavy sigh, and the unclasping of her locked hands, attesting her relief,

"I had reached the cemetery, and was hurrying on, when, in spite of my agitation, my attention was arrested by a vision of etherial grace and beauty. Passing from the gate of the grounds, and advancing towards me, I saw a young girl, whom I instantly recognized as a pet, protegee, and friend of my sister's, although I had not met her before for two years. Long, heavy curls of brown hair fell beneath her straw hat, and floated over her shoulders, her delicate complexion heightened a little by exercise; the long fringes that shaded her violet eyes, were still wet with recent tears, and the whole face glowed with an exaltation and spirituality I had never met before. I involuntarily halted, as I approached her, and extended my hand. It was as if I had been commanded to do so, and I had no power to do otherwise.

"The fair girl immediately recognized me, and returned my salutation kindly and courteously. 'I have just been to dear Nelly's grave,' she said, 'to carry a wreath of *immortelles*, and to look after the flowers growing there. She has a sweet resting place—have you been there lately?'

"'No,' I replied, 'not for a year.'

"'Come now, then,' she said, 'before the frosts despoil it of its beauty, altogether;' and without waiting a reply, she turned back, while I, irresistibly led on, walked beside her, and in a moment, we stood within the little enclosure, where my sister had lain for more than two years. A tidal sea of emotion, thought and memory flooded my soul—what I was, what I might have been, what I was hastening to be—all, all passed before me in panoramic order, and I groaned aloud, 'Nelly, Nelly, would to God you had not died!"

"'Nelly is not dead,' said my angelic companion, she still lives, and is not far from us. Could we see with the eyes of our spirit, I feel that we should at this moment perceive her beside us, gazing into our souls, and sympathizing with every good and true aim of our lives.'

"Little did my companion dream of the power of her words upon me. With more than a sorcerer's art, they brought my dead sister from the grave before me—I felt her cold hand upon my arm—I saw her large eyes looking searchingly into my soul—and I heard her voice low and thrilling—'my brother, you *dare not* do this crime! You dare *not!*'

"'Often,' continued this blessed angel of God in human form, who had met me, 'often when I am tempted to sin, or to cherish unworthy motives, or low aims, I feel that Nelly's eyes are reading my soul, and I am instantly checked by the thought. I am led to avoid what is wrong, lest I become unworthy of my exalted, but invisible companion. My joys and sorrows I do not bear alone, for I know that she shares them. And if this

be so with me, George, how much more is it so with you, whom Nelly loved so devotedly, and for whom, in death, she prayed so fervently?'

"Every word was a keener thrust at my spirit. I trembled violently; my knees smote each other, my teeth shook, as with an ague, a deathly sickness oppressed me, and the heavy dew of anguish stood out in drops upon my brow.

"My young attendant perceived my agitation, but did not penetrate to the cause. 'Do not mourn so for Nelly, happy Nelly,' she said, in heavenly tones, seeking to comfort me; 'she is still with you, George, and at this moment beside you.'

'Ah, did I not know it! Did I not see her, pale, ghastly, severe, reproachful, with her cold hand on mine, her piercing eyes penetrating my soul, her deep voice repeating again and again, 'You *dare* not do do this! You *dare* not bring down your parents' grey hair with sorrow to the grave!' While more and more my agitation continued, terrible for another to witness, but yet nothing compared with the tumult within, until I sank helpless upon my sister's grave.

"My companion would have called help, but I forbade it—and when the darkness of night had gathered thick about us, I made superhuman efforts to accompany her back to my father's. She was a slight, frail girl of nineteen, head and shoulders below me in stature, but so prostrated was I, that I was glad of her assistance in retracing my steps homeward.

"Begging her not to mention what she called 'my indisposition' to my parents, and thanking her for kindness, I passed directly up to my room alone, and in the darkness, accompanied by a more merciless avenger than the fabled Nemesis—my own aroused conscience. The ghostlike figure of my sister, visible only to my eyes, had seemed to accompany us from her grave. I almost fancied I could hear the nestle of her grave clothes as the wind swept by us—an icy chill pervaded my frame, as though communicated by the touch of her cold hand upon my arm, and look whichever way I would in the darkness, her mournful, searching eyes confronted mine.

"And now, as I closed the door of my chamber, the ghostly phantom seemed shut in with me, and the words rang on my ear with a more solemn emphasis, 'You *dare* not do this sin!'

"That night was the most horrible of my life—I can never forget it through an eternity of years. I could not sleep—I could not lie—and the large chair on which I sat, shook with the agitation of my frame, as though it would fall in pieces.

"Ever beside me seemed my dead sister; now she kneeled tenderly before me, and holding both my hands in her icy clasp, entreated with agonizing pathos, 'Brother, reform! brother, begin a new life!' And when my palsied will cried out I cannot! I am doomed! let me go on in my mad career!' then the phantom form would rise erect, and the dimly visible finger be lifted in warning, while the solemn words boomed on my ear, 'Beware how you commit this crime! you *dare* not!'

"Anon, before my eyes there passed in slow and fearful procession the concluding scenes in the drama of life I was acting. I saw my mother's grief at the discovery of the crime I was contemplating—my father's horror; I saw the officers of the law on my track, ferreting out my hiding places—then the arrest—the trial—the sentence—the doom—the long years of confinement in the Penitentiary, and the unwelcome release, which would subject me to the scorn and avoidance of my former associates. I say myself standing alone in the world,—my parents, broken-hearted, slumbering in the grave—myself and my patrimony under guardianship, because of my moral incapacity, and then, after a few more slow, weary years, I saw myself wretched, unloved, unfriended, unhonoured, sinking to the grave of a suicide, or dying an ignominious death.

"And then a brighter panorama passed before my vision—and I saw myself standing a *man* in the world—reformed, regenerated, acting for myself respected by all, and beloved by the young and beautiful creature, who had, the night before, interposed between me and utter ruin. She called me husband—she cherished my children—she looked upon me confidingly, and in love; I saw myself the successful merchant, whose name was a synonym of honour, integrity and charity. I say my parents making the descent of the hill of life, calmly and peacefully, blessing God for their child, who was the staff of their old age—and while I gazed the spectre finger of my

phantom companion pointed to the tableaux, and her sepulchral voice startled my soul, saying, 'Choose for yourself, to-night! to-night! You dare not choose the former! You dare not refuse the latter!'

"The agony of my spirit was intolerable. I loathed and despised myself so that I would have taken refuge in annihilation, had it been attainable. I would, with my own hand, have quenched the life of my soul, had the means been in my power. My moral nature seemed robbed of its vitality, and I felt that a dead man might as well try to walk, as I to reform. Still clung to me in entreaty, in persuasion, in warning defiance, the fearful spectre conjured up by my excited feelings, ever and ever reiterating, 'You *dare not* do this crime!'

"And so that endless night of horrors waned, until my torture and helplessness wrung from me the cry, 'O, God, help! help!' Suddenly, as when at the mandate of Jesus, the sheeted dead arose and walked, my palsied will stood up—I was a MAN—a new spirit was born within me—a divine strength was infused into my soul—and I cried aloud, 'I will reform! I will begin a new life! help, God of heaven, help!' The struggle was ended, and with it, almost life, and I slid, helpless and unconscious from the chair to the floor.

"When I again opened my eyes, I was in bed, my mother beside me, with solicitude and sorrow on her face, while the feebleness of infancy was upon me. My shrieks and heavy fall had awakened the household, and I was found in a state of unconsciousness, from which I passed into the fiercest delirium and fever. For a few days I was told that my life trembled in the balance—but heaven was merciful, and I was raised from that bed of sickness to atone for my past misdeeds.

"I became rapidly convalescent, for there was healing in the new state of mind which was born within me, and I began to feel impatient to commence my new career. So, when we were at the tea-table alone, one evening, with a somewhat unsteady voice, I said, 'Father, I am not the same being I was before my sickness, I have done with the dissipation and folly of my past life, and I now wish to set myself in earnest about the business of life. I wish to show the world that I can live as wisely and virtuously as I have wickedly and foolishly, and if you will obtain for me a situation as clerk or book-keeper in a mercantile house, I feel that you will not again regret it.'

"My father looked at me steadily for a moment, with a quivering lip and a moistening eye, and then extended to me his hand across the table, saying, tremulously, 'I bless God for this, my son!' As for my poor mother, 'she lifted up her voice,' in the language of scripture, 'and wept.'

"A situation was soon procured in Boston with one of the oldest firms of the city, and in a few days I entered upon my duties. Amid temptations and enticements like those which had once ensnared me, I now held steadily on my way. Not once did I lapse back into my former mode of living, and the only complaint made by my employers was, that my devotion and assiduity transcended their requirements. After the first year, my battle with bad habits and evil associations was over, and my life became happier and more tranquil than ever before. My character became re-established, my parents reposed confidence in me, I gained the trust and friendship of the good and true, and when at the close of four years my employers proposed to receive me as a junior partner of their firm, my father advanced freely the needed capital. I commenced business where I have ever since continued it, with what success you already know.

"Then, and not till then, I sought her who had proved my good angel, and told her of the silent love which had lain in my heart for years, and besought her, if she could overlook the recklessness of my early life, to share my future joy and sorrow. I did not ask in vain—and the angel whom I had met by the way, became my guardian angel. Ever since has she walked the world with me, gladdening me with her beauty and love, guiding me by her counsels, and rendering existence so blissful, that I have sometimes thought my heaven had begun below."

"And you have kept this sad chapter of suffering and temptation all to yourself, George," said his wife, "and have not ever asked my sympathy during these years."

"I never before mentioned it to a human being," said Mr. Lawrence; "until this afternoon, only God knew it. My

parents went to the grave, ignorant that their son's wild career had nearly ended in prison, or suicidal death."

Mr. Lawrence leaned his cheek upon the head of his daughter, and repeated with a tender and touching cadence these beautiful verses, slightly altered from the original:

"Yes, earth has angels, though their forms are moulded,
And of such clay as fashions all below;
Though harps are wanting, and bright pinions folded,
We know them by the love-light on their brow."

"And by my side there moves a form of beauty,
Strewing sweet flowers along my path of life,
And looking up with meek, and love-lent duty—
I call her angel—but *men* call her wife."

JUDICIAL OATHS.

THANKS to the Jewish Disabilities Bill, the tendency of the discussions on it will lead to make oaths not only shorter but fewer and to respect and protect the consciences and persons of those who are opposed to oath taking all together.

It will be readily conceded that among the affairs of social and civil life there is no institution of deeper moment than the just administration of the law; and in order to accomplish this, and to secure the truth of human testimony, so essential to it, oaths have been administered, addressed to the consciences or to the fears of witnesses.

We cannot doubt but oaths in the past and often in the present secure the desired object, but we are also fully aware this very means employed to secure truth defeats in the present day the object in view, and falsehood and injustice instead of truth and righteousness are often triumphant, on account of oath taking in a court of justice. The only time in which we were ever called into court, to affirm an *alibi*, with evidence the most clear, and that would certainly have decided the case, our evidence would not be taken except on oath, and judgment was given against the defendant, who was innocent as the stars. We offer this as proof that oaths at times thwart justice, and how often no one can say. The words of a vagabond or liar, on oath, is evidence: The *testimony* of an honest man objecting to be sworn is *nil*.

How far the civil power has a right to erect this ordeal and bring it to bear on upright men, and the wisdom of subjecting to its operations now the minds of the uninformed or superstitious are grave questions. Why not adopt the simple affirmation? It is as binding upon the conscience of an honest man, one whose mind and morals have not been perverted in their training, as any oath can be. There is a beauty and a power in the christian religion, which elevates those who have been properly instructed in its principles, above that moral degradation in which it can be supposed by any one that the ceremony of an oath would be of any avail. If the witness be without principle, his native dignity and love of truth crushed out by unfavourable and noxious influences, among which, one of the most prominent is that of soul-killing superstition and ignorance, but little confidence can be placed in his testimony, however obtained, or by whatever sanction it may be secured, and experience will not be found to strengthen or inspire new confidence.

A Judge has said, "I am thoroughly satisfied, from an experience of more than thirty-five years, in and about Courts, and a tolerably close observation upon that subject, that the tendency of all oaths, no matter how taken or administered, is incalculably pernicious to the cause of truth in the affairs of social and civil life—unnecessary as a guardian of veracity, or for the protection of the administration of justice between man and man—but, on the contrary, essentially calculated to defeat, rather than secure the end intended by it."

And why three sects of religionists should be exempt from this in a court of law, and others considered by the law of this country *more christian* even than they, in their adhesion to the national form of faith and worship, are not exempt, is a question more easily put than justly answered.

We do well to remember our Divine Master's instruction, "Swear not at all, neither by heaven; for it is God's throne; nor by the earth for it is his footstool; neither by Jerusalem for it is the city of the great King. Let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.

THE JEWS.

BY REV. R. E. B. MACLELLAN.

THE most wonderful people at present existing on the face of the earth are the Jews. For more than eighteen centuries, since the final destruction of their temple, and conquest of their land by the Romans under Vespasian and Titus, they have been literally "strangers and pilgrims," having no settled dwelling-place, mingling with all nations, yet distinct from all, a people without a "Father-Land." Truly, as well as pathetically, did Byron apostrophize them in one of his "Hebrew Melodies":—

"Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away, and be at rest,
The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country,—Israel but a grave."

The pertinacity with which, for so many hundred years, through so many vicissitudes, and under so many persecutions, they have clung to the faith once delivered to the Patriarchs, is one of the sublimest things in history. They have nobly withstood the spoiling of their goods, exclusion from citizenship, imprisonment, banishment and sometimes death, at the hands of so-called Christian kings and governments and peoples; when, by conforming to one or other of the established religions of those states and ages, they might at once have attained to ease and tranquility. And it was a worthy cause that to which they adhered so firmly. From the time of the calling of Abraham to that of the close of the Jewish Canon, had the Most High, by patriarchs, and priests, and lawgivers, and kings, and psalmists, and prophets, been teaching them the doctrine of His own indivisible and unparalleled UNITY; and so deeply has this sublime truth been engraven on their hearts, that no earthly temptation and no earthly dread can effectually efface it. Vain, therefore, and almost ludicrously futile, must be all attempts of Christians to convert the Jews, to the doctrines of the gospel, so long as they represent their gospel as propounding to its recipients *two other* objects of worship, in addition to the one Jehovah of ancient Israel. If "they of the circumcision" are ever to be brought within the field of Christ, (as we firmly believe they are) the conversion never can be effected by those who profess belief in a Trinity; and the date of the ingathering must be postponed till Unitarianism and Evangelicism are acknowledged to be identical.

The following verses, which are the composition of a Jew, fully illustrate this position:—

When thou canst wash the Ethiopian white,
Govern the winds, or give the sun more light,
Cause by thy word the mountain to remove,
Control the seas, or hurl the bolts of Jove;
Then hope, (but not till then) to turn the Jew,
To Christian doctrines, and to Christian views,
For Christian faith, say conscience, is thy guide,
The Jews, for conscience' sake, 'gainst it decide.
One God thou callest Three, and Three but One;
The Jews acknowledge God as One alone,
To whom all honour, praise, and glory due,
From Christian, Pagan, Mussulman, and Jew.
Were not the Jews from Abraham decreed
To be the holy and the chosen seed;
Appointed to receive and to record
The sacred Scriptures of Jehovah's word;
While every prophet's tongue and angel's voice
Proclaimed that people God's peculiar choice?
Then why should human vanity presume
To question God's election, and assume
Wisdom beyond the reach of mortal ken,
Unknown to angels, unconceived by men?
To Abram, Isaac, and to Jacob too,
God did the same promises renew;
Told them their seed, conducted by His hand,
Should surely see and gain the Promised Land.
When, though proud Pharoah long in bondage kept
The sons of Jacob, while they mourned and wept?
For in due time the promises prevailed,
And God's beloved their great deliverer hailed.
Moses, the holy prophet of the Lord,
With inspiration blessed, proclaimed the word;
Gave comfort, when his brethren most despaired,
And all the mercies of their God declared;
By miracles and wonders set them free
From Pharoah's proud and ruthless tyranny;
Led them triumphant from that fatal shore,
From which their enemies returned no more,
Who madly rash and impiously brave,
All found in Israel's path a watery grave.
Thus Pharaoh and the host of Egypt failed;
Israel was saved; the Lord of Hosts prevailed.
Did not such wonders and such judgments prove
The Jews to be the objects of God's love?
Then who art thou, that dares dispute this claim
To blessings promised in Jehovah's name?
Oppress'd, distress'd, and wand'ring o'er the world
The ensign of their glory still unfurled,
What now supports them? What does joy afford?
Hope in the promises—faith in God the Lord!
Canst thou from hope and faith their tribes seduce
By specious arguments, howe'er profuse?
No! from conviction must conversion flow;
Free minds no duty to assertion know;
Man must believe what nature's reasons cite,
Until illumined by some superior light.
Canst thou communicate those rays divine?—
Presumptuous man!—let humbler thoughts be thine!
Serve thou thy God, with all thy heart and soul;
Seek not thy neighbour's conscience to control;
But humbly hope that all who are sincere
In goodness, will Eternal Mercy share;
That every honest, charitable heart,
Will of celestial bliss enjoy its part;
When God shall summon all before his throne,
Each one to answer for himself alone.

This will be admitted to be a clever and spirited remonstrance, addressed to those misjudging Christians, who idly and preposterously endeavour to win the Jews to Trinitarianism, and to induce them to abandon the glorious truth of the absolute Unity of God, handed down through so many patriarchs and prophets. What an enlarged charity there is also in the last six lines; a charity which not only hopes, but believes, that all of every faith, who worship the Supreme according to the best knowledge they can attain, and are careful to lead lives of piety, purity, and active benevolence, shall ultimately be gifted with immortal joy,—a spirit which is as opposite and superior to that of the Athanasian creed, as God's own meridian sun is to the gloom of the most pestiferous cavern! Yet numbers of so-called Christians, and these not the unletiered and the vile, but among the exalted of the land, reckoning among their ranks nobles and prelates not a few, exclude from Parliament men actuated by such sentiments as are inculcated in the conclusion of the foregoing poem! The grand plea of the bigots is, that admitting a few of this long-persecuted and proscribed race into the House of Commons, would *unchristianize* its character. Why! there is more of the Spirit of the Gospel in the six lines we especially admire, than in the harangues of all the "saints" on the Jewish question, the Maynooth question, the Sabbath question, the Church Rate question and a score of similar topics, in which the sacred name of Jesus is profaned, to sanction one or another form of social or political oppression or injustice.

We conclude with a Jewish Prayer, which has lately come into our hands; merely premising that if but one half of our present representatives in Parliament were actuated by the spirit it contains, or if we ourselves were guided in private by the same spirit, it would fare well with the nation and with our neighbours.

PRAYER.

Hear, O Israel! the Lord our God is one Lord! I believe in Thee, O my God, the God of my fathers; do Thou strengthen my faith. I hope in Thee; confirm my hopes. I love thee; inflame my love more and more. I repent of all my sins; but do thou increase my repentance.

As my first beginning, I worship Thee; as my last end, I long for Thee; as my eternal Benefactor, I praise Thee; and as my supreme Protector, I pray unto Thee, that it may please Thee, O Lord, to guide and lead me by Thy providence; to keep me in obedience to Thy justice; to comfort me by Thy mercy; and to protect me by Thy almighty Power.

I submit unto Thee all my thoughts, words, and actions, as well as my afflictions, pains, and sufferings; and I desire to have Thee always in my mind, to do all my works in Thy name, and for Thy sake to bear all adversity with patience.

I will nothing but what Thou willest, O God; because it is agreeable unto Thee. O give me grace that I may be attentive in my prayer, temperate in my diet, vigilant in my conduct, and immovable in all good purposes.

Grant, most merciful God, that I may be faithful to those who entrust me with their secrets; that I may be courteous and kind towards all men; and that, both in my words and actions, I may shew unto them a good example.

Dispose my heart to admire and praise Thy goodness, to hate all errors and evil works, to love my neighbour, and to despise the world.

Assist me, good Lord, in subduing lust by mortification, covetousness by liberality, anger by mildness, and lukewarmness by zeal and fervency.

Enable me to conduct myself with prudence in all transactions; and to show courage in danger, patience in adversity, and in prosperity be of humble mind. Let Thy grace illuminate my understanding, direct my will, sanctify my body, and bless my soul.

Make me diligent in curbing all irregular affections, zealous in imploring Thy grace, careful in keeping Thy commandments, and constant in working out my own salvation.

Finally, O God, make me sensible how little is this world, how great Thy heavens how short time, and how long will be the blessed eternity.

Oh! that I may prepare myself for death, that I may dread Thy judgments, that I may avoid the torments of hell, and obtain of Thee, O God, eternal life.

SOMETHING NEW.

FIVE distinguished clergymen, all of different denominations in Boston, America, have each agreed to deliver a discourse upon the text, "What shall I do to be saved," at the Free Church of Rev. Mr. Winkley, on five following Sunday evenings in the following order;—a Baptist, Congregationalist, Unitarian (Dr. Gannett) Episcopalian and Universalist. The course of sermons have commenced, and about this time, as we write, will be finished. The grand topic of these discourses, from the text, will be "SALVATION." We call this a novel arrangement and we consider it a good one. Doctors who disagree, for once will stand in the same pulpit, on the points of their difference, and will be led to consider each other's positions. And numbers of their hearers by such an arrangement will be led to listen without fear of censure to the ministration of men, and a defence of religious doctrine that they have never heard spoken of but in terms of unfairness or condemnation. These quintuple services will stir up thought, and conversation, and lead to inquiry, we cannot doubt, which will advance the cause of rational godliness; and simple gospel truth.

We can almost fancy we hear the preachers stating their positions, defining their terms, and laying down the conditions of *Salvation*. The text is the very text for the purpose. Out of these five ministers only *two* schools of religious opinion are really represented,—one, salvation by a correct faith,—the other, salvation by a holy, useful life. A Roman Catholic should have taken part on the side of salvation by sacraments. Perhaps the Episcopalian may be a Puseyite, for we know there are Puseyites in America; if so, then the three schemes of salvation, faith, ordinances, and works, found in the Christian church will be fairly represented. We have little doubt but each Church has enlisted in these services its ablest exponents: men of clear minds, positive views, and logical ability. The scriptures no doubt will be the standard of appeal interpreted by right reason. *We* have, the right man in the right place, in Dr. Gannett, a successor of Dr. Channing,—may the blessing of God and the spirit of the Most High rest upon him that many may be made to understand the nature of salvation and the method safely to obtain it.

How differently will the term salvation or being saved be explained by the preachers. Three of them we know will render it being saved from an eternal hell and endless misery,—this is the Baptist, Congregationalist, and Episcopalian meaning of salvation, called *Evangelical*. The Unitarian and Universalist will know of no such salvation, for they believe in no such place or misery for the sinful. Salvation to them will be being saved from sin and its natural consequences which are degradation and suffering, and which a righteous, merciful, and all-wise God has connected with the transgression of his laws for the most wise and beneficient of purposes. Their meanings of salvation will not be more widely different than their modes of being saved. Here there will be a little diversity among the Trinitarians themselves, for at times they are not very gentle with each other's modes of faith and conduct. The Unitarian and Universalist will be at one on this point, both believing that the salvation of Christ is in "turning the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just," and that Jesus came by a pure life and pure doctrine "to save the people from their sins." In all fairness to the Trinitarian preachers we may state, that they will deeply and successfully impress upon their hearers the importance, the intrinsic value of good lives; and that so far as salvation can be extended to earth this must be our work here below, that we may enjoy it. And then they will be at one with each other when at this point, and at one with Unitarianism. But here in the region of gospel truth and unity they will not abide, but must strike off in an erratic course on the *essential* and *peculiar* doctrines of the gospel—doctrines unknown to Christ, and never dreamt of by his first disciples and apostles. Then come confusion, mystery, and uncharitableness about salvation, and then damnation is dealt out with an unsparing hand. These things persuade us that the church will never be united and Christians be one with each other, and one with Christ, until men are led to adopt again the wholesome words of the gospel,—"which are the words of Christ." God grant that these services may tend to this.

SYMPATHY.

THE cold winds whistled and whirled along the narrow streets, in a perfect tempest of rudeness, defying the protection of cloaks and comforts, and causing large and small to shiver at their keen and searching roughness. Little Bettie Moore was standing by the window, wrapped to the chin in a large shawl, looking out into the street at the passers by. In the room behind her burned a large fire, and her little brother was rolling on the rug before it, very happy, in the enjoyment of comfortabe indolence. "O George," said Bettie, "do come here—only see this old man, buttoned up to the chin, and wrapped to the eyes, blundering against the wind! Now here comes a young lady trying to walk gracefully, but she cannot for pain. See, now she stoops forward, as if to let the blast drive over her head. Ha! ha!"

"What next, Bettie?" said George. "I am too lazy to come and look; if you'll tell me it will do just as well." And with this he yawned, and stretched his feet toward the glowing fire.

"O George, will you believe it? A man is coming with a little coffin in his arms! There—he has placed it on the stone step at the gate, and is looking so sad; I'll run down to the door and ask him if I can do any thing for him;" and forgetting the cold, little Bettie ran down the stairs, and swinging open the front door, rushed out to the gate.

The man glancing up at her a moment, and then, dropping his head on the lid of the coffin, burst into an agony of tears. Little Bettie stooped down, and wept also. What a scene! The little, finely-clad child, and the rough, half-dressed man weeping together over that small unvarnished coffin!

"God bless you, little Miss! sure it must be that *you are an angel that God has sent*, to feel for the poor and broken-hearted. May the spirit of her that's in this coffin attend you, and shield you from evil!"

"Is it your little girl?" asked Bettie.

"Yes."

"Well you can meet her again, when you die, if you'll be good. Mamma says we'll meet our little buried sister in heaven if we'll love God, and tell the truth, and do to others as we would have them do to us. O, I'm so sorry for you," she continued, almost choked with sobs; "but you'll try to meet your little girl in heaven, won't you?"

"I will, with God's help," said the man, looking through his moistened lashes in astonishment. "Will you pray for me, little lady?"

"Yes, sir; I'll pray for you every night before I go to bed; and if you'll come to our church on Sunday, you'll hear our good ministrer pray for you,—he always prays for the 'sorrowing ones of earth.'"

"God bless you, little darling; I'll go to your Church for *your* sake—good by! Run into the house; it's cold for the like of you;" and the man gathered up his child's coffin and resumed his journey. Alas, alas, for friendless poverty, that must, unheeded and alone, bear its own loved to the yawning and repulsive grave! Yet, thank God, there are mothers who teach their children how to go to heaven—that there are ministers who never forget to pray for the bereaved and afflicted. Yes, thank God, there are children who remember, and can repeat the lessons taught them. The poor, sorrow-stricken man did go to her Church; the minister did pray for him, and he finally joined the Church, and died at last in the hope of reunion with his lost babe.

RECEIPT FOR MAKING HAPPINESS.

WHEN you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving; trifles in themselves light as air, will do; and if you are young, depend upon it it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of human time to eternity. By this you send one person, only one, happily through the day; that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of a year; and supposing you live forty years, you have made 14,600 human beings happy, at all events for a time. Now, worthy reader, is this not simple? It is too short for a sermon, and too easily accomplished for you to say, "I would if I could."

FALLEN ANGELS.

The common faith of Trinitarian Churches is, that all danger of falling from grace, and becoming reprobate is in the present state of existence; and that after we have passed from earth, and been once received into the heavenly mansions, there is then no fear of ever falling from glory; and thus we have often heard sung—

"Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God *eternally* shut in."

But this system of theology having to account for the existence of a personal devil, has had recourse to a theory which is diametrically opposed to our ideas of heaven; and which affirms that some of the angels in heaven in ages gone by, did commit sin in heaven; *i.e.* they rebelled against the most high God, and they, with their leader, were cast down from heaven a hell being prepared for them in which they were to suffer; and also that God has given them power and presence among the human family to tempt and lead the children of men from virtue and himself, and that they have been pre-eminently successful against God and goodness in every generation since the world began, having ensnared by far the largest portion of the inhabitants of the earth, and that the result of their temptations and evil machinations will be the suffering of indescribable anguish of countless myriads of the human family in a bottomless pit through eternal ages.

The reader will at once perceive that this is a plain and unvarnished statement of popular ideas, concerning the fallen angels and their dominion. We believe the theory that propounds these things is an idle, an unfounded tale, containing in itself contradictory ideas and baseless assumptions, and which imposes a foul blot on the government of an all-wise, powerful, and good God, in allowing to continue in existence a legion of devils, with an arch-fiend of energy, influence, and skill, for no other purpose than one of unmixed evil.

The doctrine of *fallen angels* is said to be scriptural, and it is generally admitted that apart from scripture, there is no evidence for it. There are only four passages in the Bible adduced in support of it, let us examine them and see if they really contain ample proof for so curious an article of Christian faith.

1st, "How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, Son of the Morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations. For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend unto Heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God.—Isaiah xiv, 12, 13.

This is the grand proof text about the devil *aspiring* to sit upon the throne of heaven, and for his *ambition* thrust down to hell. We aver that there is not one jot of information in this passage, or the chapter it is taken from, about Satan. Read the whole chapter, and you will find that it is written against Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon. We feel certain that ninety-nine out of every hundred who read this chapter through will agree with us. The fourth verse states it is against the king of Babylon, the passage quoted says "which did weaken the nations," the sixteenth verse says of him, "is this the man that made the earth to tremble." Dr. A. Clarke affirms, "the truth is, the text speaks nothing at all concerning Satan or his fall." Here the corner stone of demonology is completely taken away. There is not one tittle of evidence for it in this famous passage.

2nd, "And Jesus said unto them, I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven,"—Luke x, 18.

The word Satan is of Hebrew origin, and signifies, according to all scholars, an opposer, an enemy or adversary. It has no reference to personality, but to character or relation. Hence, in the Scriptures, it is employed to describe the evils and opposition which were arrayed against Christ and his doctrines. The term was applied to Peter. But it only described the relation of Peter to his Master. He opposed the Saviour when he told him what a sad fate awaited him. Peter declared it should not be so. In this, and in the subsequent denial of him, he showed himself an adversary, or Satan.

Jesus had sent out seventy, and on their return, they told him that they had power over devils and unclean spirits, through his name. He then told them that he had seen Satan fall like lightning from heaven. The comparison has reference to the suddenness of the fall, and not to the place from which he fell. He fell, *not from heaven*, but like lightning from heaven. That is, he saw that all adversaries were cast down suddenly. Evils are personified, and Satan may be said to be but a personification of all that were arrayed against Jesus and his followers. In the same chapter, Capernaum is represented as being exalted to heaven. But the city was on a hill, and the phrase, "exalted to heaven," has reference to its social or moral condition. It was proud, and wicked, and it was to be cast down. Its condition was to be greatly changed.

Admit that Satan, a rebel angel, did really fall from heaven. What then must we infer of necessity? He fell from heaven. How came Satan in heaven? He must have been the same there as when he landed below. Did he get into heaven, or did he originate there? How many times has he fallen? for there are various periods fixed as the time of a revolt in heaven. If Satan climbed into heaven, other Satans may do the same. If he originated there, other rebels may also originate there. If he was once an angel of light, and while in heaven became evil, other good angels may fall also. Heaven then cannot be much more congenial to virtue than earth, for fallen angels are not indigenous to our planet. Such depravity originates, according to popular theology, in celestial climes. Besides what assurance can we have of safety and purity, when we reach the celestial shores and blissful abodes?

3rd, "For if God spared not the *angels* that sinned, but cast them down to hell, and delivered them into chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment."—2 Peter, ii. 4.

4th, "And the *angels* which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation, he hath reserved in everlasting chains under darkness unto the judgment of the great day."—Jude, 6.

In examining these texts of Scripture we need to bear in mind that Peter and Jude had both been speaking of *apostate Christians*, who had endangered the peace and purity of the Christian church by false doctrines, and that they pass directly from speaking of these to speak of the "angels that sinned, and which kept not their first estate,"—referring, as Dr. Adam Clark testifies, to the fact "that they were discontented with their position, and kept not their own principality, but invaded the office of others."

But who were these angels? We do not find

any allusion to them in any other part of the Bible. It appears from Ancient History that the first officers in the Christian assemblies were called Presbyters. But when these assemblies became more numerous, and increased in numbers, it became necessary to add to these. The person thus added was appointed to preside and direct the Presbyters what to do and how to act.

The person thus advanced to the presidency, says Dr. Mosheim, was at first distinguished by the title of *the* ANGEL *of his church;* but in after times it became customary to call him "the Bishop." See Mosheim's History, vol 1, sect. 41.

Dr. Mosheim also conjectures that there were good reasons for changing the names of these officers from "the Angel" to "the Bishop." He says :—"As the term, however, could not be deemed free from ambiguity, and might perhaps, be found to give occasion for some aspiring individuals to overrate their own consequence, and fancy themselves nearly on a level with those who are in the strict sense of the word styled angels, (for the merest trifles are sufficient to supply men with arguments for vanity and pride,) it was probably thought better to change the name for one more definite and humble." And this seems to have been the way that the *apostate angels* sinned.—They were discontented with their position, and kept not their principality or place, but invaded the office of others.

And the testimony of Dr. Mosheim is confirmed by the testimony of the apostle John, for we find by referring to the second and third chapters of Revelation that he was directed to write to the *Angels* of the Churches of Ephesus, Smyrna, Pergamos, Thyatira, Sardis, Philadelphia, and Laodicea. And nearly all commentators agree that these "Angels" were nothing more nor less than "the Bishops" of the churches referred to. So that it is clearly proven by Scripture usage, as well as by ecclesiastical history, that "the Bishops" were called "Angels" in the early age of the church.

These "Angels" kept not their place or position in the Church, but left their office ; and in consequence of their apostacy, they were "delivered into chains of darkness." "Reserved in everlastlng chains under darkness," to be destroyed with the unbelieving Jews.

The "chains of darkness" into which they are said to have been delivered indicate very clearly what their moral condition was, for darkness, bondage and corruption are emblems frequently used by the inspired writers to describe a vicious life. And the Bible abounds with passages which show the gross moral darkness of the world in sin and ignorance. Those *Angels of the Church* had been taken from this gross darkness and brought into marvellous light of the Gospel—they were raised to positions of importance and honour ; but they kept not their estate, but wandered away from their position into the darkness of heathenism and unbelief,—and "their last state was worse than their first ;" and the destruction which awaited them might appropriately be likened to the destruction of Sodom and the cities of the plains.

The evidence for the existence of fallen angels is merely in the assumption. The difficulties and objections are manifold. There are only four passages in the scripture ever used as scripture proof ; and the first refers to Nebuchadnezzar, the second to the fall of Judaism and Paganism, and the other two to apostate christians or the first bishops who were called angels. How many good christian men have had their union with the church severed for disbelief in the doctrine of fallen angels, as if the bible bore full proof of it, whereas there is not one text—no, not one.

SOCIAL CIRCLE.

THE BLESSED HOME.

The approbation of our families—our own fireside audience, those who are with us in our secret hours, whose faces we can imagine we see while far away from the sweetest spot of earth ; those who have heard our private converse and who of all listeners would hear it most gladly again ; those who knew the habits of our lives, the bent of our dispositions and have watched our goings out and our comings in, they are the ones who sanctify the mere recollection of home and make it blessed, and their approbation is and ever should be to us far more pleasing and triumphant than the shout of a great multitude, and the worship of the whole world, hence Sweet Home !

HOME ! To see home is the wish of the seaman on stormy seas and lonely watch. Home is the wish of the soldier, and tender visions mingle with the troubled dreams of trench and tented field. Where the palm tree waves its graceful plumes, and birds of jewelled lustre flash and flicker among gorgeous flowers, the exile sits staring upon vacancy; a far away home lies on his heart ; and borne on the wings of fancy over intervening seas and lands, he has swept away home, and hears the lark singing above his father's fields, and sees his fairhaired boy brother, with light foot and childhood's glee chasing the butterfly by his native stream. And in his best hours, home, his own sinless home, a home with his Father above that starry sky, will be the wish of every Christian man. He looks around him—the world is full of suffering ; he is distressed by its sorrows and vexed with its sins. He looks within him—he finds much in his own corruptions to grieve for. In the language of a heart repelled, grieved, vexed, he often turns his eye upwards, saying, "I would not live here always. No ; not for all the gold of the world's mines—not for all the pearls of her seas—not for all the crowns of her kingdoms—would I live here alway." Like a bird about to migrate to those sunny lands where no winter sheds her snows, or strips the grove, or binds the dancing streams, he will often in spirit be pluming his wing for the hour of his flight to glory.

Sweet are the joys of home,
And pure as sweet : for they
Like dews of morn and evening come,
To wake and close the day.

The world hath its delights,
And its delusions, too ;
But home to calmer bliss invites,
More tranquil and more true.

The mountain flood is strong,
But fearful in its pride ;
While gently rolls the stream along
The peaceful valley's side.

Life's charities, like light,
Spread smilingly afar ;
But stars approached become more bright,
And home is life's own star.

The pilgrim's step in vain
Seeks Eden's sacred ground.
But in home's holy joys, again
An Eden may be found.

A glance of heaven to see,
To none on earth is given ;
And yet a happy family
Is but an earlier heaven.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

It is calculated that there are about 25,000 believers in Spirit-rapping in Boston, America. They have two Churches and two Weekly Papers with a circulation of 16,000 weekly.

A great Free Church Movement has taken place in Norway which augurs great spiritual good, and which manifests a great amount of religious energy among the Norwegians at present.

The annual meeting of the Universal Christian Alliance has been held in Paris. It is gratifying to learn this union increases in strength and usefulness. Protestants and Catholics, both Trinitarians and Unitarians of ability are among its active members. We hope better days are in store for poor priest-ridden France. This Alliance will do something to hasten happier times.

JEWS CHANGING THE SABBATH.—The Baltimore *True Union* says: "Lord's day services have of late been held by the Israelites of our city. A call is now made for a decision as to the permanent continuance of the arrangement. This will prove an important step to the Jews, should the arrangement prove permanent."

The following quotation is from a sermon of the Rev. H. W. Beecher. "One of the greatest obstacles a minister has to contend with is this spirit of servile fear. Men think that in order to be converted they must snuff the brimstone. He regretted that men should be so mean and grovelling in their thoughts, and not be willing to come to God as a Friend and Father. There are thousands who would be shocked to hear me speak as I do, but I cannot help it. Their God is a jailor; my God is a Father."

Here is a sad picture of Sunday life in Chicago, America, furnished by the *Times*:—"Here in Chicago, on Sunday, we have fifty-six churches open during the forenoon and evening; but at the same time there are no less than eighty ball rooms, in each of which the band plays from morning to midnight, and waltzing goes on without intermission. In addition to these festivities, we have two theatres each with its performers in tights and very short garments, rivaling Ellsler in their graceful evolutions. Saloons have their doors closed by proclamation, but do a thriving business through side entrances."

The Rev. E. G. Holland, of Boston, America, at a Meeting of Unitarians in Manchester, stated: "He belonged to the denomination in the United States, who bore the simple name of CHRISTIANS; and that they agreed in founding their doctrines upon the Bible, and in rejecting the tri-personality of the Deity, and the dogma that Christ was God and man. They accepted him as the Messiah. In connection with them there were five newspapers, about 1,500 churches, about 200,000 communicants, and about 1000 ministers." It gladdens our hearts to read the foregoing statements, and to think of so powerful an auxiliary for the diffusion of our views in the west.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—Rogers in his "Table Talk" says, "Sitting with Madam D'Aublay some weeks before she died, I said to her do you remember those lines of Mrs. Barbaulds:—

"Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh—a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not Good Night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning."

Madam D'Aublay replied "I repeat them to myself every night before I go to sleep."

MORMONISM.—Chief Justice Drummond, offers the following reasons to Congress for his resignation of Office.

"In the first place, Brigham Young, the Governor of Utah Territory, is the acknowledged head of the 'Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints,' commonly called 'Mormons,' and as such head the Mormons look to him, and to *him alone*, for the law by which they are to be governed; therefore no law of Congress is by them considered binding in any manner.

2. "I know that there is a secret oath-bound organization among all the male members of the Church, and to acknowledge no law save the law of the 'Holy Priesthood,' which comes to the people through Brigham Young, direct from God, he (Young,) being the vicegerent of God, and prophetic successor of Joseph Smith, who was the founder of this blind and treasonable organization.

3. "I am fully aware that there is a set of men set apart by special order of the church to take both the lives and property of persons who may question the authority of the church—the names of whom I will promptly make known at a future time.

4. "The records, papers, &c., of the Supreme Court have been destroyed by order of the church, with direct knowledge and approbation of Governor B. Young, and the federal officers grossly insulted for presuming to raise a single question about the treasonable act."

An able minister of the Gospel surprised his hearers the other Sunday morning, by announcing his text from the newspapers of that week, giving out the paper, the column, and the following words: "*A Chance for some Man.*—For sale, a corner Liquor Shop, opposite a factory, where there are eight hundred men employed, winter and summer."

A young preacher, in one of the metropolitan pulpits, a few Sunday mornings ago, prayed That God would be pleased to dissipate the darkness and error which prevail in the college (independent) at which he had been studying theology. This had unmistakeable reference to the professors, who are reported to be strongly tainted with heresy, and who, we think, ought to resign like honest men.

I believe, says Ruskin, the quiet admission which we are all of us ready to make, that, because things have long been wrong, it is impossible they should ever be right, is one of the most fatal sources of misery and crime from which this world suffers. Whenever you hear a man dissuading you from attempting to do well, on the ground that perfection is "Utopian," beware of that man. Cast the word out of your dictionary altogether. There is no need for it. Things are either possible or impossible—you can easily determine which, in any given state of human science. If the thing is impossible, you need not trouble yourselves about it; if possible, try for it. It is very Utopian to hope for the entire doing away with drunkenness and misery out of the Canongate; but the Utopianism is not our business—the *work* is. It is Utopian to hope to give every child in this kingdom the knowledge of God from its youth; but the Utopianism is not our business—the *work* is.

JOHN BUNYAN.—The bill of indictment preferred against John Bunyan, ran thus:—"John Bunyan hath devilishly and perniciously abstained from coming to church to hear divine service, and is a common upholder of several unlawful meetings and conventicles to the disturbance and distractraction of the good subjects of this kingdom, contrary to the laws of our sovereign lord the King." He was convicted, and imprisoned *twelve* years and *six* months.

DIAMOND DUST.

As oft as we do good, we offer acceptable sacrifice.

We cannot think too highly of our nature, nor too humbly of ourselves.

Peace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is the sun—the two are never far apart.

It is safer to be attacked by some men than to be protected by them

The best arithmetic we can learn is, so to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom

An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid.

In the treatment of nervous cases, he is the best physician who is the most ingenious inspirer of hope

The mind is trained for high action by the discharge of humble duties.

It is not rounded sentences, but pointed ones, that stick in the memory.

Jars concealed are half reconciled; which, if generally known, 'tis a double task to stop the breach at home and men's mouths abroad.

We may, and if needs be, should, go from man to follow truth, but we should never leave truth to follow man.

Thoughtlessness is the common origin of unconcern. We do a better office when we lead men to think, than when we think for them.

"I must work," said Jesus Christians! behold your example. What! the Master work, and the servant remain idle! How inconsistent.

When a man dies, men ask what property he leaves—angels, what good deeds he has sent before him.

True philosophy has depth without darkness, but much which passes for it has darkness without depth.

We learn our ignorance by attempting to apply our knowledge. Much of our wisdom consists in seeing how little the rest is.

He who freely praises what he means to purchase and he who enumerates the faults of what he means to sell, may set up a partnership with honesty.

The greatest benefit which can be conferred on mankind, is to publish truth without disguise or exaggeration, without passion and without fear.

It is a preposterous and unpardonable presumption in any man to set up the firmness of *his own belief* as an absolute criterion of truth. No rank, no privilege, no attainments in science, can be a security from error. Bodies of men who have assumed *infallibility*, have hitherto always been mistaken.

In all religious questions, every one must judge for himself, because every one must give an account of himself to God. Religion is to all of us a personal thing, and that only will deserve the name of religion and the service of God, which is the result of conviction and choice.

CHRISTIAN ORNAMENTS.—In word true, in action just, in temper chastened, in commerce honourable, in politics honest, in friendship steadfast; as masters considerate, as parents kind, as citizens peaceable; at home beloved, abroad respected.

In youth we suffer from inexperience, in manhood from care, in old age from infirmity. The circle in which a man moves enlarges as strength increases and contracts as it diminishes, till he reels like an exhausted top, then falls and lies still.

A mother's eye may fail with age,
A mother's tongue may falter;
A mother's heart is always young,
A mother's love won't alter.

The originality of many resembles that of a harlequin walking on his hands instead of his feet, perverting nature to make people stare, but accomplishing nothing of any value to any one.

"FOR THE SAKE OF JESUS."

It is of the utmost importance in our approach to the throne of divine grace that we know whom we worship, and why we use any form of words which may have been taught us or are common, "that we may pray with the *understanding* as well as with the spirit."

It is customary for most Christians claiming to be "orthodox," in their prayers to the Divine Being, to ask for the needed good "*for the sake of Jesus.*" When a person feels his dependence and weakness, and his need of the Divine guidance and blessing, and therefore goes to God in prayer, is it possible that he does not desire the needed good for his own sake? Is it not on the account of his own necessities that he prays? Who is there so very disinterested, that while depending upon heaven for everything, he can ask for blessing not on his own account, but *for Jesus Christ's sake?* Are we instructed to pray thus? Look at the Lord's prayer, after which the disciples were to pray. There is no intimation that they were to ask for "daily bread," and other needed good *for the sake of Jesus.* There is only *one* passage in the Scriptures in which the phrase "for Christ's sake," or anything approaching to such terms, is found. Ephesians iv, 32, "And be ye kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, *for Christ's sake*, hath forgiven you." And of this text, this solitary one, although the general impression is that such passages are numerous, the words should have been differently translated, we have this point conceded by the ablest Greek scholars, trinitarians too, that it is a faulty translation, which should have been rendered as in other places of holy writ, "*through Christ*," and not for Christ's sake. The idea is perhaps consistent enough for those who consider that Christ came to reconcile God to man, to pacify his Father's anger and calm his frowning face toward his children; for if that were true, possibly he might grant a favour for Christ's sake, that he would not for our sake. But when we remember that it was for our sake that Jesus came to earth; that the Father "sent him to be the Saviour of the world," and that "God commendeth his love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us," we must see the folly of supposing that God would be more ready to grant us the blessings we need, for the sake of Jesus, than he would for our own sake. "For He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things." Jesus instructed his followers to ask the Father *in his name*, but not for his sake We are to come in the name of Jesus, and in his spirit of confidence to Him who heareth prayer, and lay our wants before Him, knowing that by thus asking we shall receive. Jesus is our Head and Representative, but his whole work of Love was for our good, and not for himself. If we come before the throne with a realizing sense that God is *Our Father*, we shall feel that there is no danger of His refusing to compassionate our condition. We shall not feel that Jesus only can pacify God, and make Him favourable; but we shall see that the coming of Jesus was a glorious proof that God, as our Father, was *always* favourable, and disposed to do us good; and that the gift of His Son was the highest possible exhibition of His love. Let us then consider carefully the phraseology of our prayers, and not by adopting stereotyped phrases cherish in the mind the idea that God is not disposed to do us the good we need; but if He consents to do so, it is for the sake of His Son.

HAND IN HAND WITH ANGELS.

Hand in hand with angels,
Through the world we go;
Brighter eyes are on us
Than we blind ones know;
Tenderer voices cheer us
Than we deaf will own;
Ever walking heavenward,
Can we walk alone.

Hand in hand with angels,
Some are out of sight,
Leading us, unknowing,
Into paths of light.
Some soft hands are covered
From our mortal clasp,
Soul in soul to hold us
With a firmer grasp.

Hand in hand with angels,
Some, alas! are prone;
Snowy wings, in falling,
All earth-stained have grown.
Help them! though polluted
And despised they lie;
Weaker in your soaring
When they cease to fly.

Hand in hand with angels,
Oft in menial guise,
By the same straight pathway
High and low might rise;
If we drop the fingers,
Toil-embrowned and worn,
Then one link from heaven
From our life is torn.

Hand in hand with angels,
In the busy street,
By the winter hearth-fires,
Everywhere we meet—
Though unpledged and songless,
Birds of Paradise;
Heaven looks on us daily
Out of human eyes.

Hand in hand with angels,
Walking every day,
How the chain may brighten,
None of us can say,
Yet it doubtless reaches
From earth's lowest one
To the loftiest seraph
Standing near the throne.

Hand in hand with angels,
'Tis a twisted chain,
Winding heavenward, earthward,
Up and down again.
There's a painful jarring—
There's a clank of doubt,
If a heart grows heavy,
Or a heart's left out.

Hand in hand with angels,
Blessed so to be;
Helped are all the helpers;
Who give light shall see.
He who aids another,
Blesses more than one;
Linking earth, he grapples
To the great white Throne.

Hand in hand with angels,
Ever let them go;
Clinging to the strong ones,
Drawing up the slow.
One electric love-stone,
Thrilling all with fire,
Soar we through vast ages,
Higher—ever higher.

RELIGION OF LOVE.

"Abou Ben Adhem—may his tribe increase!
Awoke one night from a sweet dream of peace,
And saw within the moon-light of his room,
Making all light, and like a lily bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?' The angel calmly raised his head,
And with a smile made all of sweet accord,
Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is *mine* one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one *who loves his fellow men*!'
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with great, awakening light.
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
And lo, *Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!*"

LEIGH HUNT.

LOST PARCELS.

As several parcels of the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN have been lost: the Postmaster requests that the Office from which they should have been delivered be applied to first; should they not be there, the Editor then to be written to immediately. We hope our friends who may not receive their parcels by the Seventh of the month will apply to their office, failing there, then write to us at once, and we will forward another and look after the lost one.

Edited by ROBERT SPEARS, SUNDERLAND.